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THE CRY FOR AID.

The stricken people of Jacksonville, who have thus far borne up bravely against the affliction that has visited them, now appeal for aid to their fellow-citizens. In response to their call Mayor HEWITT has promptly issued a card to the public, soliciting donations, and offering to receive at his office and forward daily all contributions that may be sent to him

It is creditable to our citizens that before this appeal was made by the Mayor several handsome sums had been forwarded to Jacksonville on the first call for assistance. The Equitable Life Assurance Society had already telegraphed to the Chairman of the Finance Committee at Jacksonville authority to draw on the company for \$1,000. The green fruit trade association of this city had given similar authority to draw at sight for \$500. No doubt many other prompt contributions have already been made.

Let our citizens respond heartily to the appeal, and let the sums sent to the Mayor's office be worthy the wealth and generosity of the city.

THE GREAT MEETING.

The meeting last night met a severe disappointment in the sudden illness of Judge THURMAN, which prevented him from doing more than show himself on the platform and speak a few brief words of greeting and thank to the people who filled every inch of space in Madison Square Garden. But the gathering was a grand and remarkable demonstration, and the speech of Gov. HILL, who received an ovation, fully satis fied the crowd and was warmly applauded, as were the neat and appropriate remarks of Mr. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, who presided over the monster meeting.

Such a demonstration has seldom been seen in this city. It indicates that the Democracy is pretty thoroughly in earnest in the campaign, and that it is equally well satisfled with its National and State Administra-

Judge Thurman's illness is said to be slight, and not likely to detain him from his engagements longer than two or three days. He was not well when he reached the city, and it was against the advice of his friends that he attended last night's meeting at all. But he was not willing to wholly disappoint the concourse that had assembled in his honor.

A TRUE QUEEN.

For once the sturdy citzens of the American Republic, with all their love of liberty and all their contempt for divine right and the other fraudulent humbugs of monarchies. can bow down in admiration before a Queen and do homage willingly at the foot of her throne. For once they can respect her crown and admit that it is worthy the reverence of her subjects. But the throne is a tool by the seashore, and her crown is the garland of field flowers with which the courtiers of her juvenile court on the sands of the North Sea decorate her brows.

A pretty story is told in the Europea papers of the visit of the Queen of Roumani to Westerland, a summer resort on the German Ocean, where she has been the centre of attraction of the children, whom she has won by her affectionate and loving wavs When Queen ELIZABETH, who is herself childless, seeks the beach, the little ones gather about her, bringing daily their tributes of wild flowers, and building mock forts around her seat, as they say, to keep all her enemies away. The Queen is passionstely fond of children, and childhood readily finds out those who have a tender heart for the young. The little courtiers supply themselves with toy flags with which they decorate their fortifications and the seat the Queen occupies.

Will the royal lady ever find the same sin cerity and devotion in her real court? Will she ever spend happier days in her palace in Roumania than those she has passed this summer on Westerland beach? Perhaps not. And yet a woman who so loves children and has such kindness in her heart for the young and innocent must deserve the respect and affect tion of all her people, and he worthy of the position she fills. So, long life and happiness to Queen ELIZABETH of Roumania.

A despatch is in the city confirming the report of the rejection of the Chinese Treaty. But the despatch itself needs confirmation, and reliable intelligence on the subject will be awaited with interest.

A cool head averts many a calamity. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the pilot of the Glen Island steamer Sam Sioan last night there would have been a collision at Hell Gate between that boat and the Sound steamer Pilgrim. The two boats were nd to meet in the narrowest part of the meet. Neither could be checked in time or event this after coming within sight of a other. Any flurry or hesitation on part of the Sam Sloan's pilot lid have made a collision inevitable. But signalled the Pilgrim and hugged the bound to meet in the narrowest part of the channel. Neither could be checked in time to prevent this after coming within sight of each other. Any flurry or hesitation on would have made a collision inevitable. But he signalled the Pilgrim and hugged the rocks on the west side so closely that there was not an unnecessary inch of room between them and the yessel. Then the boats passed each other without touching, both being

six inches of space, however, between them. The Sam Sloan's pilot took the matter coolly, and did not seem to consider that his feat was worth talking about.

GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Bluedah, 10 cents. Muskmelons, 5 cents. Live lobsters, 12 cents. Lettuce, 2 cents a head, Carrots, 2 cents a bunch. Celery, 10 cents a bunch. Radishes, I cent a bunch. Peaches, 10 cents a quart. Sea bass, 10 cents a pound, Lafayettes, 10 cents a pound, String beans, 5 cents a quart. Cranberries, 12 cents a quart. Lemons, twenty-five for 25 cents,

Codfish, 7 cents; haddock, 6 cents. American cheese, 12 cents a pound. Green gages, 75 cents an eight-quart basket. Butter-Fair, 20, 22 and 25 cents a pound; ver best, 27 cents. Grapes-Concords, 10 cents a pound or 30 cen

for a ten pound basket; Concords, 20 cents WORLDLINGS.

Recent Presidents, except Garfield and Haves have not been linguists. Garfield had the classics and several modern languages at his command while Hayes was thoroughly grounded in linguists studies, especially in German.

The only Indian in Dakota to whom naturaliza tion papers have been issued is the Rev. Luke P. Walker, a graduate of the Indian School at Carlisle. Pa. He is a full-blooded redskin, but has con pletely severed his tribal relations.

A Richmond paper tells of a local Bean Brumme of half a century ago who would be a formidable rival of Berry Wall were he alive to-day. He was the best dressed man of his day, and when he died left a legacy of seventy-one pairs of trousers to his beirs.

Busheed D. Washington, of Chicago, a lineal de scendant of Gen. George Washington, possesse the watch-chain seal with which Gen. Washingto impressed the death-warrant of Major André. The seal was presented to Gen. Washington while he was in the service of Great Britain in the colonial

OVERWORKED POSTAL CLERKS.

Statement Showing Them to Be Paid Les per Hour Than Street Sweepers.

othe Editor of The Evening World : The idea seems to prevail among the public that a post-office clerk has a political sine. cure, and we would like to show them what our sinecure consists of and the enormous salary and abundance(?) of time we have to

spend with our families and friends. From April 1, 1881, until April 1, 1887, we worked an average of one hour overtime a day. Since then our overtime has increased to an hour and a half per day. And it was not until after the exposure through the recent public press that Mr. Pearson ad-mitted that we were overworked, but he gave as an excuse that the work had been exceed-

ingly heavy the past few weeks.

Of course Mr. Pearson does not know any different, as he has not been on the newspaper floor since Sunday, March 25, and relies on the statement of Mr. Riblet. Since lies on the statement of Mr. Riblet. Since several newspaper representatives visited this office and found lots of their own publications delayed there has been every effort made to keep up with the work, and it is a matter of impossibility.

We had hoped, when the papers stated that Mr. Pearson had gone to Washington to ask for more help, that we would get a little relief, but we were disappointed.

Out of sixty-two clerks appointed two

Out of sixty-two clerks appointed two weeks ago we got but twelve, though we re-quire at least one hundred and fifty. Some of the men on the New York table have to work six weeks without a day off, and are not

sure of one then.

We work at the rate of eight hours for a day's work, so, deducting our Sundays, holidays and vacations, we make on an average days and vacations, we make on an average 407 days a year, at an average salary of \$720 a year, or \$1.79 a day—less than this city pays to the men who sweep the streets.

Our hours of duty are fixed so that it is impossable for us to have any pleasure, as the following will show:

On the first morning tour the men report for duty at 1 a. M. and work until 10 a. M.,

or, most generally until noon.

The second day tour should be from 10 A.
M. till 7 P. M., but it is generally until 9 P. M. The third night tour is from 4 P. M. to 1 A.
M. or 3 A. M., which makes an average of
twelve hours for work, two hours to and from our home to get our breakfast and sup-per and eight hours for sleep, leaving us an average of two hours for pleasure. This is our sinecure. Post-Office Clerk.

TWICE \$500 RIGHT THERE.

Ex-Congressman Adams Found Ready Takers for His Bet on Harrison.

There was an immense crowd at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Hoffman House last evening. The corridors were thronged by Democrats, and their number was greatly increased after the meetings in and around Madison Square Garden were over.

There were a few Republicans to be found at the hotels, and debates on the result of the Presidential election were frequent.
The man, Lowever, who had most to say
was ex-Congressman John J. Adams, who is
a rampant anti-Cleveland Democrat. He

offered to wager, at the Hoffman House, \$500 that Harrison would poll 100,000 votes n New York City. Internal Revenue Collector Sullivan ac-

cepted the bet and the money was put up in the hands of Edward S. Stokes.

The ex-Congressman made the same offer again, and a men named Keith planked up \$500 that Harrison would not get 100,000 Mr. Adams says he has \$10,000 that he wants to bet on the same terms as he bet Sul-

livan and Keith.

Sejourning in Gotham's Hotels.

Sejourning in Gotham's Hotels.

Among the Barthold guests are Robert Wolff, of Paris; William Hunt, of Hot Springs, Ark., and T. J. Cummings, of Albany.

G. W. Craue, of Platisburg, N. Y.; A.S. Rugge, of Giess Pails, and August Lepreux, of Washington, are at the Sturievant.

C. B. Hauna, of California; W. R. Trieg, of Ruhmonn; Dr. Fresliy, of Lenion, and T. Spencer Wells, of London, are at the Fifth Byenne.

At the Glyser House, M. Lenning Selfeman. At the Gilsey flouse are Joseph Seligman, Boston; S. B. Harper, of kingston; Thomas E. wards, of Portland, Me., and D. W. Wing,

Capt. Charles A. Coolidge, L'eut. Francis Wood-bridge and Lieut. James A. Leyden, U. S. A.; aiso M. D. Woodford, of Toledo, are at the Grand Hoter.

On the St. James register appear the names of J. S. Rosenthal, of B, lumore; J. M. Shillenberger, of Philadelphia, and F. H. Snepherd, of Boston.

Conspicuous at the Hoffman House are S. A. Ryan, of Atlanta; C. W. Knox, of Virginia; E. A. Smyth, of Greenville, S. C., and B. B. Heath, of St. Paul.

Notes of the Campaign. The East River Park Harrison and Morton Campaign Club has unfuried a 15x20 net banner, with five-foot paotographs, at Eighty-fourth street and Avenue B., facing the entrance to the park.

skilfully handled. There was not more than IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

MORE OPINIONS PRO AND CON ON THE INTERESTING QUESTION.

One Wife with a Convivial Bushand Related Her Experience and Recommends Resignation to Her Porlorn Sisters-Views of Happy Wives, Would-Be Philosophers

To the Editor of The Evenine World:

Your paper of Sept. 5 contained a letter from "A Wife," who feels that "marriage is a failure." I agree with her that it is, "nine cases out of ten." I am not the tenth woman! A much abused wife once told me that she would not know her husband was out did he not persist in coming home as soon

out did he not persist in coming done as soon as every other place was closed. It only took fifteen years for her to reach that stage! When a wife no longer "waits up" for her husband she is on the road to convalescence. Only those who have flattened their noses against the window till the "wee small hours." listening for a familiar though uncertain footsten, can judgerstand the agony ortan footstep, can understand the agony of the neglected wife. If just once the full, unadulterated feeling of despair, that, alas; is the constant companion of so many wives, could take possession of these night maraud-ers, what a falling off there would be at the

It is my fortune to possess (?) a husband who is termed a "congenial soul" by "the boys." If there is a device for keeping a man of that kind at home that I have not tried I of that kind at home that I have not tried I should be glad to hear of it. First I tried tears." Then reproaches. Let her reproach: Next righteous wrath. Many big D's" and a "going, going, gone: "yoice heard by every body, drowned me out. Sarcasm followed—keen, marrow-seeking! A threatening John L. attitude "closed the boy." A conjet a painfully quiet spree, in A threatening John L. attitude "closed the box." A quiet, a painfully quiet spree, in our cosy though lonely room to see if "Like would cure like." Two doctors, a disgusted husband, curtailed house expenses to pay doctor's bills! As a "get even," a place of amusement where husbands were plentiful. It takes, I found, very little to amuse men outside of their homes. A beer-table, hard, uncomfortable chairs, vile air filled with the furces of drule and smoke, a few smirking. fumes of drink and smoke, a few smirking, bold women, who squeak out half-forgotten ditties in smoke-choked voices. Ah, husbands, with your lovely homes, your

an you sacrifice so much for so little? Wives, there is no use trying to "get even" with a man. Have you children? Let their clinging arms restrain you in your desperate moments. If the absence of your husband leaves you alone; if there are no baby arms to hold you to your duty, call dignity to your aid, and bear in a brave womanly way your disappointment womanly way your disappointment. Men do reform. Is there not consolation in the very thought? When at last, wearied by the utter emptiness of a deceiving, sensual outside world, your dethroned god comes back to you, let him find the home-garden still blooming, though the choicest flowers have died through his coldness and neglect. When the prodigal cares no longer to feed swine he will be glad to feast upon the fatted luxury of your superiority.

A RESIGNED WIFE.

The All-Important Question.

" A Wife" in yesterday's Evening World: echoes from the London Daily Telegraph the query; "Is marriage a failure?" and, after expressing something of her own sadly disappointing experiences, answers: "I think is, and I think that nine women out of ten

will agree with me."

This is an important question, and if the answer of your fair correspondent is correct her conclusions are even more important, for they would show that society is on the eve of momentous convulsions and consequent revolutions.

All deep-thinking, observant minds know All deep-thinking, observant minds know that this is peculiarly an age of spirited evolutionary progress, in which old things are slowly but surely passing away and gradually giving place to new orders, and, as I think, with a view to preparing the way to higher and holier conditions, in every way bettering the life of man on the mundane plane.

But is it a fact that the holy or should be holy institution of marriage is a failure? If

holy institution of marriage is a failure? so, the failure is of momentous import. In olden times it was averred, and in some quar-ters it is even yet held that marriage is a holy, heaven-ordained institution. But now it is more generally, and especially in the law departments of society, regarded and quoted as a mere civil contract which may or may not be abrogated at the will of the con-

tracting parties for cause.

Be this as it may, I hold that, as the marriage union is the germ and very foundation of society, and thence the corner stone and of society, and thence the corner-stone and bulwark of all politico-social and religious government, its sanctity must of necessity be upheld and ever sacreally, faithfully guarded as the fundamental life principle or social government. Without this, society fails and

anarchy prevails. Of course I am treating of life on this mun-Of course I am treating of life on this mun-dane plane in this age of benightment and mortality. When the millenium comes and the kingdom of God is manifest in and throughout the earth as it is in heaven, then, according to Scripture, there will be no mar-rying nor giving in marriage, for all who are accounted worthy to attain to that lie will be like unto the ancels, who never marry nor accounted worthy to attain to that life will be like unto the angels, who never marry nor are given in marriage. But that is not yet, though it would seem that we are approaching the dawn thereof. Yet so long as we continue in this, the long prevailing age of spiritual evolution, we must wisely conform to the law of evolutionary life, ever endeavoring to improve our condition thereunder.

The marriage union properly understood is an holy institution of that higher law which is never printed in our statute books. And

is never printed in our statute books. And so long as it is sacredly guarded within the pales of the higher law it will be a state of matrimonial bliss. But when that higher law is disregarded and the union is held as a mere civil contract the higher law, which is love, is withdrawn to within the inner sanc-tuary of the soul and, perforce, by the super-cedure becomes inoperative as regards the union. When this occurs the parties cease to be, in the divine sense of the term, love-bound husband and wife. All confidences then wane: outside associations are sought. Club life then comes in order and incontinency is the natural sequence. "A bonse divided against itself cannot stand." I repeat the all important question. 'Is marriage a failure?" If so, what is to follow? Or what does this fail ure portend? A. L. R.

Is It a Question of Tact?

To the Editor of The Evenina World: I have read "A Wife's " letter in your aper of Sept. 5; also letters on the question, Is marriage a falure?" in this Evening's WORLD. If a wife tries to make herself as lovable after marriage as before and home as attractive as the club, she will have no reason

o complain.

I believe some men would fail to appreciate the some of the could find no clubs there. But it is my opinion that a woman with good sense and tact will have as much of her hus-band's society as she desires. My husband and son both like their club, but neither fail in their appreciation of home and the society
MOTHER.

A Happy Wife's View.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have read with some interest the letter of Wife " in the issue of Sept. 5, in reference to the question. " Is marriage a failure?" I cannot refrain from replying to the same, as I wish to put myselfon record among those who think marriage is not a failure, pro-viding both parties to the contract do their

duty.

Of course, during the day " the wives" are Of course, during the day the wires are alone, but why? Are not our husbands working for us? and if once in awhile they feel homesick for "the boys." we can't blame them. Do not we feel lonesome for our mothers very often, and, if possible, go

when first married? I endeavor to make home as pleasant, or more so, than the club, so, even when coming in, if my husband feels like going out after dinner, I have so many little meidents of the day's happenings

to tell him, he forgets his previous plans.

1 think more than half the women in the world are their husbands' confidential companious, never for an instant thinking it an old-fashioned idea that it is so, but taking it all for granted.

Come, let us hear from the "Happy Wives." Sound your trumpets and stand up for your husbands. Show "Wife" how much she is mistaken in her idea that we

vomen will agree with her. A HAPPY WIFE.

LAST NIGHT'S UPRISING. It was the greatest political outpouring New

There must have been at least 70,000 people i and around the Garden. How the 20,000 people in the Garden yelled when the old Roman entered. It was quickly noticed that he was feeble in his

walk. The whisper, "The Old Roman is sick!" went from mouth to mouth. There was genuine disappointment. The people had assembled to hear the great statesman enun-

ciate Democracy and political truths. Gov. Hill got a tremendous welcome. It was some minutes before he could speak. If any one doubts the popularity of Gov. Hill he

should have been at the Garden last evening. The followers of Tammany Hall and the Count Democracy yelled and yelled, but the leaders ken Nevertheless, a Tammany Hall leader was heard

to say: "Our delegates will be solid for his re-Gov. Hill and Mayor Hewitt surprised the local

"I have taken part in every Presidential cam paign since 1840," remarked the veteran Col. Duniap, "and I never saw such a crowd. I think it is the greatest political turn-out that ever occurred in the United States."

Commissioner Croker-I never expected and I nover saw such crowds. There were enough people outside to fill Madison Square Garden five

The Tammany Hall stand on Twenty-sixth street was surrounded by 5,000 people from 8 till 11 o'clock.

County Democracy stand during the evening. There were more people around the Tammany Hall stand than there were in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at the Blaine reception. This is a

Senator Joseph Blackburn's speech tickled the crowd. It bristled with points and was very effec-

Gov. Hill made a splendid campaign speech. It was Democratic to the core and will make a good circulating document. S. S. Cox could not get into the Garden. He

gave up the attempt. He made a rousing speech from the Wigwam stand. The Beattle Battery, of the Thirteenth District, named in honor of Surveyor Beattle, paraded. The battery numbers 300 handsomely uniformed

nembers. The people who were the clothes of hard-fisted workingmen were the most enthusiastic whenever ariff reform was mentioned.

Capt. Reilly, of the Thirtieth street station, did its best, but it is hard to stop grumbling at such an mmense gathering. The doors on Twenty-seventh street were not opened until 8 o'clock. There was much fault

ound by holders of platform tickets. Senator M. C. Murphy had to use his influence to get members of the press inside. The officers on ruard at the press door were afflicted with the They admitted their local political friends and

ept back newspaper men who had press tickets and badges. The most distinguished and the most observed nan on the platform was Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Democratic State

"So that is Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke, of Albany, "remarked a man. "Why, I thought he was the owner of the Garden." The Purroy organization of the Fourth District

paraded behind a fife and drum corps. They marched past the County Democracy stand, but The fakirs who sold bandannas and campaign

badges did a thriving business. A tough who was circulating Republican handbills received a black eye. He threw his literature into the gutter and slid into Madison Park.



Little Girl-What's the matter, little boy? Lattle Boy-I'm crying because my mamma ha ust gone to heaven. Little Girl—Oh, but p'r'aps she hasn't?

Labor Notes. Boiler setters and repairers are to be organized.

The Building Trades' Section meets to-night at 145 Eighth street. The United Labor party is waiting to see which of the old parties indorse ballot reform as exempliof the old parties indorse ballot reform as exempli-fied in the Australian system of voting.

The resignation of Patrick Doody as Financial Secretary of the County General Committee of the United Labor party was a surprise to that body last night.

The Picnic Committee of the Central Labor Union met last might to settle up accounts. The picnic of last Monday was not as successful as the one of last year. one of last year.

On Sunday the Anti-Poverty Society will go up the budson to Riveraide Grove and hold its regular meeting. Dr. McGlyun will be there. The saie of the sta has been so large that two extra barges have been engaged.

barges have been engaged.

The Workingwomen's Society held a meeting at 28 Lafayette place last night and discussed immigration. Miss Rellly, a shirtmaker, was the principal speaker. Miss Mary Berg also talked on immigration and the need of organization.

The refusal of the proprietors of two of the most prominent Republican newspapers in the country to employ union printers has arrayed the members of the International Typographical Union and the labor press against that party's candidates. Master Workman Quina has suspended from No. 49 the local assemblies of ale and porter brewers, ship carpenters, encaustic tilesyers and the York-ville Association because they refused to obey the mandate of the General Executive Board and ignored him.

The once suspended but now, forgiven and reinstated Metal Section, No. 8, of the Central Labor Union, will meet at 145 Eighth stress Wednesday evening for the election of officers. Organizations affiliated with the section are requested to see that they are represented at the meeting.

Not Saint-Like Enough.

Two friends meet after a long separation.
**How is this, Brown? The last time I saw you were as gray as a badger, and now you're as black

as a crow."

"Well, my dear fellow, I'll explain. You see
my hair was rapidly turning white, and feeling
that from a moral point of view, I was not quite up
to carrying around 'a crown of glory'—I dyed."

to see them? Don't let us be selfish, wives. Does the neglected wife make home at. DAINTY LADY MANICURES.

FOUND IN AN ELEGANT OFFICE AMID THE WHIRL OF DOWNTOWN BUSINESS LIFE.

Esthetically Furnished Retreat, Prett Women and the Latest Hand-Beautify-ing Appliances at the Very Doors of the Young Men of Wall Street-An Interview with the Priestesses of the Temple.

downstairs from the top of one of the largest business buildings in New York when his eye was caught by the legend on one of the office doors.

In letters visible even to the most myopic of observers it was set forth upon the ground g'ass panel that within there one Miss fulfilled the duties of a manicure. The fair manipulator of nails had her office hours indicated, and they coincided with the time of day in which men whose goal in life is the vellow or silver disk which is supposed to contain the potentiality of enjoyment for this present life are briskest in their quest.

"In the name of the gods," quoth the reporter, " what can a manicure fird to do in the eighth story of one of New York's busiest mercantile beehives? Is it possible that the jeunesse dorée interrupt their quest of the

elusive dollar to have their nails pared?" Arguing, with some originality, that the person most competent to give the solution o this query, which seemed to his mind legitimate one, was behind the ground-glass door, and feeling that truth is occasionally the result of judicious investigation, the curious reporter stood for ten seconds, then stepped to the door and gave a time-isprecious - and - you - must - open-quickly tap

upon the oak. A voice distinctly feminine uttered a sil-

ery "Come in!" The reporter gave a pull at his neck-scarf. gave a quick brush to the lapels of his cutaway, wished to heaven that baggy knees subject to a revisionary smo-

Scene: A pretty little room, carpeted, a Japanese screen representing three indigenous storks in the act of hari-kari, a marble-topped washstand, a trim little maid with eyes as black as sloes, and a neat matron, whose abundant hair Time had touched with that lightness which marks his stroke as a caress rather than an admonition. The whole was lighted with sunshine that was diffused from an oval window.

from an oval window.

"I am a newspaper man," said the reporter
in tones that would have soothed a basilisk
with a jag, and accompanying this rhapsodic
burst with a bow that would have given his nibs, Chesterfield, a pain in the cardiac region. "I saw your—ah!—announcement on the door and wondered where in the top of a huge building like this, way downtown, you could find sufficient occasion for the exercise

of your vacation."

The mother looked at him as if he were an interloper to be killed on the spot like a burglar, while the duskey-eyed maid eyed him as if he had broken loose from the vault where Dr. Johnson's bones are quartered.
With the quickness of her gentle sex she rallied at once and said, quite possessedly:

'Sit down. I shall be pleased to tell you

anything you want to know. I have plenty of customers. There are hundreds of young men with nails in this building, and a good many come from outside." suppose there are a good many who get their nails attended to regularly?" quoth the reporter, airily, as a tramp might remark on the fellows who indulge in daily matitutinal

tubbings. Oh, yes! And the gentlemen are as par ticular about their nails as the ladies are. Some of them have lovely nails," she said, enthusiastically. "Well, do you know," said the reporter

"I never had my nails—or—manicured, and I am perfectly ignorant of the process? Can't you tell me something about it?" "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Sit down

"Well, I'll tell-you what I'll do. Sit down and I'll give you a treatment."

A rosy blush bathed the artless visage of the daily scrivener, which lent unwonted beauty to his face.

"Sit down there, please," and the young woman indicated a large, comfortable, arm chair, such as usually enshrines the avoirdupois of a bank president. The reporter landed himself in its comfortable embrace.

"There's a footstool. Put your feet on it and make yourself as comfortable as you can," continued the bewitching little manicure.

The reporter, hardly knowing whether he his pails pared, planted two slim No. 6 feet on the foot-rest and made himself comfort-

The priestess of the rites was seated behind a small table on which were various implements somewhat suggesting the outlay of a dentist. There was a cushion on the table.

dentist. There was a cushion on the table.

"Now, rest your arm on that and give me your hand."

"With all my heart," thought the reporter, but he maintained a smiling silence and stretched a rather red paw towards the young woman. As she took it in her lily fingers the reporter began to see one reason why customers, or to speak as befits the dignity of the manicure's art, patients should not be At the right of the manicure was a small battery on a bracket. The young woman turned it on and took up a tiny disk of corundum fastened to the end of it, which the

"This is my own invention," said the young woman. "I have got it nearly peryoung woman. "I have got it nearly perfected. It is quicker, neater and more pleasing than the old way."

She handed the reporter a small bowl of
pretty glass, with a ruby border and filled
with a pinkish liquid, and bade him put his
other hand in this to let his nails become

soltened. Then she spread out the digits of his right hand and with her revolving wheel ground them into the requisite shape. "If I hurt you, let me know," she said, as

"If I hurt you, let me know," she said, as she plied her instrument deftly.

Oh, it doesn't hurt at all," said the reporter, softly.

After some moments the nails were ground down. In the mean time the fair scientist—for her remarks proved that she had studied her profession as a science fully as much as an art—spoke garrulously of her profession.

"When I resolved to enter it. I studied it thereaftly and know about nails all that a

an art—spoke garrulously of her profession.

"When I resolved to enter it I studied it thoroughly, and know about nails all that a doctor can. I can cure the usual defects in nails; such as ingrowing nails, hang nails and all that sort of thing. Some of my sister manicures laugh at me for being so particular, and call me an old fogy. But I believe in doing anything that is worth doing at all as well as it can be done.

"All my materials I make myself," she continued, taking a small stick of orange wood, sharpened to a point, and running it around the fiesh at the base of the nail, "and I'm always making improvements. The other hand, please!"

After a like operation had been performed on his sinister hand the manicure called in the right one and with a small pair of slender scissors, curved at the points, snipped off any little outlying pieces of fiesh.

Next she dipped into a vasse containing a brownish powder and rubbed it on the nails. After which with her fingers she rubbed them until they shone like glass.

She drew the reporter over to the washstand after this and let a stream of tepid water play upon his hands that washed away all trace of the powder. Then she extended a towel to him to dry them on.

"Now show your nails to mamma," she said triumphantly.

The reporter took his hands over to the trim lady with Time's powder in her looks and spread them out sheepishly for her inspection. To be an object of admiration ever so restrictedly was an absolutely new thing in his life.

"Oh, my! How pretty they are now!" exclaimed mamma.

Oh, my! How pretty they are now!" exclaimed man ma.
... Now you must be careful of them, and

try and keep them in good condition. Most of my patients get treated every week, and the nails can be kept in a beautiful condition then. But I suppose you newspaper men have to be writing editor als and things, so that you haven't so much time. Oh, it was no trouble," as the reporter murmured his thanks for the service before retreating.

For several days after the reporter used to hold up his uails and look at them shine with much innocuous vanity. To rub the thumb

much innocuous vanity. To rub the thumb nail on the right hand till it fairly glittered became a new diversion for his leisure mo-ments, moments when be was not writing edi-

torials—and such things.

It was a new experience, and he hopes that those who live in barbaric neglect of their nails may discover the skilful manicure who lives near the clouds and practises her dainty

THE BOWERY BOY.

"Where did the Bowery get its name?" asks Revere " in a note to the Bowery Boy. That's easy enough. " Bauer " is good Dutch for neasant. or farmer. Two hundred and odd years ago there was a road running out from New Amsterdam, Along its borders were the comfortable houses of the farmers, surrounded by green pastures and fields of waving grain. The baner lived there. Hence Bauery or Bowery.

Along in the first decade of this century the Bowery was a country road. Cedar street was New York's principal residence street, and John Ripley's mother used to ride out in the country to the Bull's Head Garden.

It adjoined the Buil's Head Tavern, which sat where the Atlantic Garden is now, and ran up to Walker street. That part of the old street is now called Canal street, because it is a part of the route of the old canal from river to river.

On the northeast corner of Canal street and the Sowery is a hostelry called the Summit House. The rise from the City Hall to this point is so gradnal as to be almost imperceptible, but in old times Canal street marked the summit of Bayard's Hill, which had a slope to the south sufficient to make a ood coasting place.

How many people recall the Peter Stuyvesant sear tree, which stood within a high fron fence oullt for its protection at Third avenue and Thireenth street till the wind blew it down a few years ago? It is said that George Washington tied his that he rested himself under its branches.

"The Gotham" was another comparatively nodern institution. It stood at 298 and 300 Bowery and was an ancient two-story cottage, standing twenty feet back in the yard, with a flower garden n front. The entrance was where the Globe Museum is now. The Gotham was a headquarters for old-time baseball men, and a case of prize balls won from different clubs was a feature of the place. Old-time sports Capt. Wait Smith of the Knickerbockers; Johnny Lowery, California George, Wick and Johnny Brady and Oregon Tom used to frequent the place. It was torn down to make room for a six-story block in 1878.

Laughing over the story recently told in this column about the old Chatham Theatre, which stood where Cowperthwait's is now, W. B. Gregg recalls that in 1846 or 1847 an old actor named Kirby was the favorite there. Kirby was strong on melodrama and could die so pathetically that he always captivated the house in that scene. Once he was roing through a particularly dull play and a kid in the pit grew weary. Stretching himself for a nap he requested his nearest neighbor in a tone clearly

audible: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." The expression raised a hurrah. The curtain was rung down and Kirby was obliged to make a speech. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was a Bowery expression from that time down to a very

short time ago. Gregg corrects flowery Boy. He says that Jake Shipsey managed the Chatham down to 1860,

Speaking of the old theatres. Tom Keene first kindled the flame of admiration in the heart of the hero worshipper early in the war times-not on the gilded stage, but at a saloon at 78 Bowery bearing the poetic title "the Pig and Whistle. Eddy Walker was its proprietor, and the actors of the New Bowery Thestre were its chief customers. There was handsome Jim Cinte, Jim Lingard, Dan Bunce, Ed Murphy, Count Mulligan, Tom Leigh, Jack Shaw, Bill Cain, Jim Feeney, George Brown, Millage Cornell. Jimmy Davis, Jim Cnichester;and Maurice Pike. And it was these whom Tom Keene emulated when he first began to spout tragedy to the habitues of the Pig and Whistle. He persisted. and success has been his in tragedy, the most

difficult of dramatic work. BOWERY BOY.



Darby-But, my dear, there are no microbes in Joan - Um - shows their sense! [Subject

[From Harper's Basar,] ife insurance companies," said old Barkins, 'They allow you \$1,500 for an eye, \$3,000 for two eyes, \$1,500 for an arm or a leg and \$3,000 for two eyes, \$1,500 for an arm or a leg and \$3,000 for two arms or two legs, but they only give your widow \$5,000 if you die. Well, it's easy enough to see that you can make more than \$5,000 if you die kinder slow. First lose yer legs, then yer arms, then yer eres and then die. That's three \$3,000 and the \$5,000 for your widow besides, \$14,000 altogether, I tell you, Jim, there's money in that, and I'm goin' to git insured right now."

On the Summer Hotel Plazza.

[Fram Lime.] Miss Gushington-What a magnificent sunset, Mr. Tapeline! And aren't the mountains just grand? Don't talk to me about European scenery. Tell me, where can anything equal to this b found?

Mr. Tapeline (a gifted salesgentieman, who has been listening to this sort of thing for nearly an hour, and has become absent-minded)—Bargain counter, first floor, near the entrance.

Not Dangerous.

(From Time.) that your father tapping on the floor overhead?"
"Tes, Arthur, but don't go yet. He isn't da gerously mad until he goes tesring along the hi beating the gong."

Mrs. Cumso's Idea of It.

(From Time.)
"I hear that Elenezer Jones is supporting Har rison and Morton," remarked Cumso. "That's just like Eo Jones," replied his wife. He'd better be supporting his own family."

Democracy Stirring Harles mass-meeting of workingmen of the Twentythird Assembly District will be held this evening at the hall of the Harlem Democratic Club, 18, 15, and It East One Hundred and Twenty-Sith street Senators Jacob A. Cantor and T. C. E. Ecclesin and Howard Ellis will be the speakers, and power ful discourses upon the platform and principles of Democracy are therefore guaranteed.

DYSERVERY in children oured by MORELL'S TREET

tion Where He Will.

A novel and ingenious plan to enable a person to identify himself under all circumstances, as when cashing a check or money order or obtaining registered letters or mail matter, has recently been invented. It is in the form of an "identification card," which is inclosed in a morocco case, so that it can

e carried around by the owner conveniently. The card contains in one corner a minature photograph of the person to whom it is is. sucd, with his signature below. Beneath this is the attestation of a notary public to the genuineness of the photograph and signature.

the genumeness of the photograph and sig-nature.

On another division of the card is regis, tered the name occupation, place of birth, age and citizenship of the possessor, together with an accurate description of him and his place of residence. Room is also left in an-other column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have.

A similar, but less perfect system of iden-tification card has been in use for some time in Europe, and it is required by law in some places. Hanks and trust companies in this country, which have heard of the system, say that it is just the thing they have wanted for a long time, and declare that it will do away a long time, and declare that it will do away completely with many of the inconveniences and delays which are now experienced in the daily course of business in identifying persons who present checks and orders for payment and cannot properly identify themselves.

There Are Interesting Things to Be Told of

Rowery Shooting Galleries. "Yes," said the man in a Bowery shooting gallery in answer to an Evening World re porter's question. "We have a great many peculiar characters

come in here. The greatest of all, though, was a woman that came in here one day and said that she wanted to practise shooting. "After she had shot off about 50 cents worth of cartridges, and showed no disposi-

worm of cartridges, and showed no disposi-tion to stop. I was congratulating myself on having got a splendid customer.

"Well, continued the clerk sadly, "she shot away \$2.15 worth of cartridges, and then saying 'I guess that's enough,' she started to go out. I headed her off and demanded the money. "Why,' said she, 'I thought this was

free.' Two dollars and fifteen cents,' said I severely.' Then there was a scene, She said she was a stranger in the city, and not anticipating any expenditure of money, had left her pocketbook at the house where she was staying. She was respectably dressed and seemed greatly distressed at her predicament, and there was nothing else to do but let her go. She promised to send the money but I have never heard from her since. I don't allow women to come in here any more on account of the crowd which gathers at the door, and pickpockets reap quite a

harvest. Drunken men seem to have a wild desire to short as soon as they get a 'jag' on. We have to watch them closely to prevent wild shooting, but they sometimes are too quick for us, as the ceiling will show.

for us, as the ceiling will show."

Sure enough, a close inspection of the ceiling showed it to be almost honeycombed in some places where the rifle had been exploded before the proper level had been reached.

"About the hardest mark to hit is the dancing glass ball, such as you see there. The ball is kept in the air by a stream of water pumped by that gas motor, and its dancing motion renders it difficult to hit. The motor also moves those flying pigeons, which are also hard to hit, but we have people come in here who scarcely ever miss. In fact, there are many expert shots in this city outside of stage performers and Wild West shows."

shows." No Use for Solder When the Tin Would All

Be New. A newly married couple were watchings man on Broadway who was exhibiting something for sale. The young wife was quite interested and the husband moderately so. The man had a tin pail with little holes dis tributed pretty equally all over it. It looked like a very inconvenient sort of watering-pot. But it wasn't. The holes had been put there simply that they might be filled up. Bundles of solder were lying on the stand. They were about the length of a penholder and one-third of a penholder's diameter. The

man stuck a candle in the tin pail under one of the holes and then with his lead stick soldered it neatly and rapidly.

"Much larger holes can be mended with the same ease. If the hole is in the bottom, the same ease. If the hole is in the bottom, along the edge, and you can't get the candle-light near it, just run a hot poker along the place and meit the solder that way. Four cents apiece. Three for 10 cents. Have three,

lady?"
The lady had said something to her liege lord about having tin pails and things when they went to housekeeping, and showed a tendency to take time by the forelock and get some solder. But her husband said: "The tinware will all be new, Liz," and Liz did not buy."

A Gentle Jesuit Father Who Laid a Mos Successful and Delightful Plot.

In the Jesuit house on Fifteenth street there is an amiable Italian Father. Heis very sweet-spoken, courteous and thoughtful. But the Jesuits are said to be great
plotters, and this gentle Father got up a plot.

In between two parts of the house there
was a little bit of ground covered with flags.
It was about as large as a miser's idea of liberality. The Father, as he passed by this
spot, would pause, lean on the rail and looking down on the flass, would think of his
plot. At last he got it. It was a plot for
roses that was in the good man's mind.

The flags were removed and the tiny inclosure turned into a little rose garden, and
now the reverend enthusiast on roses has
sixty-five different varieties in his small
square! He will point out to you with delight his Puritan, Gloire de Dijon, the Katherine Mermets, the Jacqueminots and dozens
of other, most of them of the rarer type.

He waters and clips them himself, and
loosens the soil around their roots and
watches a new bud to see that no miserable
bug makes his dinners off it, and all this with
the simplest, most delighted and delightful
ardor.

The Jesuits are great plotters. very sweet-spoken, courteous and thought-

The Jesuits are great plotiers.

A Harvest of Door Knobs. Two boys named Warner Kilbright and William Galway, residing in West Thirty-sixth street, were rraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning charged with stealing door knobs.
Complaint was made by Detective Feess, of the
Thirty-seventh street station, who accused the lade
of stealing fourteen brass knobs off the doors of
two new houses being erected by Sheriff Grant.
Justice Gorman sent them to the House of Refuga-

Liberty's Torch Went Out. The electric lights in Liberty's big torch went out

at 7 o'clock last evening, for the first time since Jan. 15, and Bedice's Island and the waters of the

Jan. 15, and Bedieve island and the night. harbor were in darkness throughout the night. One of the insulating strips of mice attached is the dynamo which supplies the 54.000 candle-power are light so out of order, and Keeper Littlesse had to wait till to-day to get the repairs made.

Really Can't

Begin to tell the benefit I derived from Hoed's Sarenp
arilla, says a lady who had been all tired out, "almost
ready to give up." Why, it gave me new He ast
strength so rapidly that in a few days I falt title another
the same and it as the best blood purifier as woman. I recommend it as the best blood purifies and tonic I ever know of. Hood's Barasparille sold by all druggists, El at his db. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Leonil, Mass.